

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VII.]

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[NUMBER 363.]

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SOLYMAN AND ALMENA.

AN EASTERN STORY.

IN a pleasant valley of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the Irwan, lived Solyman, son of Ardavan, the sage. He was early instructed in all the oriental languages; but, as his understanding opened, like the flower in the morning, when Aurora dawns in the east, he thirsted only for the knowledge of mankind. He prevailed on his father, with much importunity, to permit him to travel. The morning was spread upon the mountains, and Solyman prepared to depart; but first prostrating himself towards the sun, he addressed that glorious luminary in devotion, and then passed over the Tigris, into the kingdom of Persia.

There is some secret attraction in the place, where we have passed the cheerful innocence of childhood. No sooner had Solyman ascended an eminence which gave him a retrospective view of the valley of Irwan, than he turned his eyes on his native fields, and gazed on them with a kind of penitive complacency, till the declining day called him to proceed.

When he had reached the foot of Mount Taurus, he sought to repose himself in the valley of Abdat; but he was stopped by an exclamation of sorrow which proceeded from an adjacent wood. As he was in hopes of relieving some distress, he drew near, and discovering two lovers, who had stolen a secret interview before their final separation. Being made acquainted with the cause of their sorrow, and finding it proceeded from the avariciousness of the lady's father, who had sold his daughter to a Khan of Buckharia, he offered them his assistance, which being accepted, he conducted them back to the banks of the Tigris; and, recommending them to his father, continued his travels, till he arrived at Ispahan.

The beauty and magnificence of that city engaged his attention for many days; but his greatest pleasure derived from the conversation of an English merchant, from whom he learnt many things relating to the manners and pursuits of men in different countries, particularly in Great Britain. With this merchant, he afterwards set out for the court of Bassora; but, being driven by the heat of the sun to seek for shelter on the declivity of a neighbouring mountain, they were led by accident to the cave of a hermit. The good old father at first retreated from them, fearful of the effects of human ferocity; but being soon convinced they were only inoffensive travellers, he afterwards acquainted them with the history of his life.

The hermit told them that he was born of competent fortune; but, being left an orphan, was deprived of it, partly by the chicanery of a court of equity, and of the rest through the treachery of a friend. This obliged him to enter as a common soldier in the army of the Sophy, where he fell in love with the daughter of the commanding officer, which plunged him again into new misfortunes, and at last ended in his betaking himself to those solitary mountains for a retreat.

After having finished his tale, the travellers took their leave, and, about the close of the day, arrived at the village of Arden. At their entrance, they were met by a person in a plain dress, who invited them to partake of his house and table that night. The hospitality they received from him, gave Solyman very different ideas of the dispositions of mankind, from what his own partial observation, aided by the adventures of the two lovers, and the tale of the hermit, had enabled him to form. When the dawn of the morning broke, Solyman and the merchant left the village of Arden, and after a few days travel, arrived on the plain, on which stood the once glorious Persepolis. The contemplation of its ruins filled their minds with proper reflections on the instability of human grandeur, and from thence they proceeded to the court of Bassora.

The merchant here finding the vessel he expected, told Solyman he could accommodate him, if he pleased, with a passage to Europe, which the desire the latter had of seeing foreign countries induced him to accept; but as the ship was to remain some time in the gulph, he took that opportunity to make the tour of India, and, in his way visited the isle of Ormus. There he met with an exile from Ispahan, who had been doomed to spend his life in that dreary spot, for no other crime, than that he had said at court, he thought the Sultan Morat extremely beautiful. The unmerited severity of his sentence moved the tender heart of Solyman. He promised him his liberty, at his return from the excursion he was making, and continued his route for India.

Being come to Delhi, the capital of the Mogul's empire, his heart, which had hitherto been a stranger to love, fell a victim to the charms of the accomplished Almena. He thought no more of performing his voyage to Europe; but the unhappy fate of the exile at Ormus recurring to his mind, he determined to fulfil the promises he had made him, and, quitting Almena, returned to Bassora. Having settled every thing relative to the departure of the exile, he took the opportunity of the ship's delay in setting out, to visit his father, from whom he learned the sequel of the adventures of the two lovers who had been recommended by him to his care. Almena, however, still continuing uppermost in his mind, and the time for the departure of the vessel drawing near, he again left Arden, and, having seen the exile safely embarked at Bassora, proceeded to Delhi.

Solyman and Almena, being now a second time together, mutual professions of love and friendship ensued, in consequence of which they agreed to quit Delhi, and to retire for the remainder of their days to the valley of Irwan. But a war at that time raging in India, and the lovers unhappily taking their passage in a vessel belonging to one of the contending parties, they had scarcely got five leagues out to sea, before they were pursued by the foe, and after an obstinate engagement, made prisoners. The enemy stripped the vessel of every thing va-

luable, then dismissed it; but they carried off Almena.

What pen can describe the grief of Solyman! his fair one carried he knew not whither, and the ship, unable to proceed on her intended voyage, obliged to return to the coast of India. Here he was told, that the vessel, which had taken them, belonged to the King of Sundah; and having informed himself of the situation of that country, he went in quest of Almena. For a long time he continued his miserable search in vain; but at length discovered by accident, that she was confined in the castle of Sevasor. This discovery only served to increase his misery. The governor, who was in love with Almena, finding him to be the person whom she had long languished after, and considering him, of course, as the principal obstacle to his wishes, ordered him to be confined. He found means to break from this confinement just in time to rescue Almena from the brutality of the tyrant, whom he killed; but the guards coming upon him in that instant, they were both made prisoners, and shut up in the castle, till it was taken by a party of the King of the Kanarians.

This incident, from which the two lovers might have hoped for deliverance, only added to their woes. They were again separated, and Almena selected for the pleasures of the King of Kanaria. Solyman, however, having found means to introduce himself into the King's service, repaired to the palace, and acquainted him with the whole story of their passion. A violent struggle at first arose in the King's breast between love and virtue; but the latter triumphed, and Almena was restored to Solyman.

The two lovers being thus, once more, miraculously brought together, and unwilling to risk their happiness again upon the seas, determined to travel by land for the valley of Irwan. After many days tedious journey, they arrived at Delhi, from whence they continued their route to Ispahan, where Solyman found his old friend the merchant. The customary congratulations over, and the merchant being informed of the particulars of their adventures, Solyman then gave him an invitation to accompany him to the valley of Irwan, which was accordingly accepted. In their way, they visited the two lovers mentioned in the preceding part of the story, whom they found completely happy. Having been witnesses of their felicity, they proceeded to the valley of Irwan, where Ardavan received them with the greatest tenderness; and Solyman and Almena, happy in themselves, and in each other, closed the returning day with prayer and praise to that Providence, which had preserved them in all their dangers.

A X I M.
W
be generosity is often no
overlook,
which
order to gratify
great ones.

Mr. HARRISSON,
The following little extract sets the calamities of war in so strong a light, and contains such beautiful and just sentiments, that I cannot but believe it will at this season be agreeable to many of your readers. It is taken from the memoirs of a French officer. This nobleman having given a relation of the bloody action near Parma, between the Imperialists and French, June 29, 1734, goes on thus: R.Z.

"THE King of Sardinia (then against the house of Austria) whom the illness of the Queen had called to Turin, four or five days before, returned to the army the morning after the battle. Every one knows the valor of this Prince: he expressed a great regret at having come too late, and immediately visited the field, to see the ground on which the dispositions were made for the engagement. He was attended by several general officers, amongst whom I was. As our cavalry had not been engaged, but remained behind at some distance, during the heat of the battle, I was ignorant of what had passed. Curiosity led me to attend his majesty, that I might hear the account given him of the affair; the horror which reigned on all sides, soon inspired me with different thoughts. I fancied I beheld, a little distance from me, amongst the dead, a Captain of my acquaintance; I rode a little off from the road to examine nearer, and found it was he. After paying a sigh to his memory, I cast my eyes on the plain, where the enemy had left their dead. I saw 10 or 12,000 men stretched out, naked, and disfigured with wounds! Inhumanity itself must have melted at this spectacle. The reflections of Yerzer presently occurred to me; Alas; thought I, all these men were living within these twenty-four hours! Why are they no more? What frenzy has led them to cut each others throats? Were they enemies? No. They did not so much as know one another.—Were glory, ambition, or love of wealth, their motives? Alas, the memory of the greatest part of them is buried with them, and all their recompence is a few wretched spoils, the fruits of their dangers! But, continued I, am I less criminal? Want, wretchedness, or force, has made most of THESE, soldiers. But what obliges us to share in the same cruelties? Have these men with whom I am so earnest to fight on the first occasion, ever offended me? Did these countrymen, whose grounds I lay waste, ever commit such hostilities on my estate?—What then is it induces me to act a part so contrary to reason and humanity? Must I purchase a poor renown at the price of such oppression and blood? Have I studied the world from my infancy, and am I still swayed by such weak prejudices? Is this the TRUE HAPPINESS I have so long sought? Or can I hope to find it amongst the tumult and rage of war? Good God! what weak creatures we are! I reason, I philosophise, I behold virtue with a kind of fondness; yet all my speculations have hitherto only served to shew me my own weakness, and heighten my shame!"

These reflections may be equally applied to many other occasions, wherein men have been blindly sacrificed by thousands to the folly or ambition of monarchs; so true in all ages has been the maxim of Horace:

Delirant Reges, plectanture Achivi.

E P I G P

YES, ev'ry poet, is a
By demonstration, it:
Happy, could Ned's
Prove ev'ry fool

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

[BY A YOUNG LADY OF THIS CITY.]

TUNE—"God save America."

GOD save each Female's right,
Show to her ravish'd sight
Woman is Free;
Let Freedom's voice prevail,
And draw aside the veil,
Supreme Effulgence hail,

Sweet Liberty.

Man boasts the noble cause,
Nor yields supine to laws
Tyrants ordain:
Let Woman have a share,
Nor yield to slavish fear.
Her equal rights declare,

And well maintain.

Come forth with sense array'd,
Nor ever be dismay'd
To meet the foe,—
Who with assuming hands
Inflict the iron bands,
To obey his rash commands,

And vainly bow.

O let the sacred fire
Of Freedom's voice inspire
A Female too:—
Man makes the cause his own,
And Fame his acts renown,—
Woman thy fears disown,

Affert thy due.

Think of the cruel chain,
Endure no more the pain
Of slavery:—
Why should a tyrant bind
A cultivated mind,
By Reason well refin'd,

Ordained Free.

Why should a Woman lie
In base obscurity,
Her talents hid;
Has Providence assign'd
Her foul to be contam'd,
Is not her gentle mind—

By virtue led.

With this engaging charm,
Where is so much the harm
For her to stand,
To join the grand applause
Of truth and equal laws,
Or lead the noble cause,

Her feeble hand.

Let snarling cynics frown,
Their maxims I disown,
Their ways detest:—
By Man, your tyrant lord,
Females no more be aw'd,
Let Freedom's sacred word,

Inspire your breast.

Woman aloud rejoice,
Exalt thy feeble voice
In cheerful strain:—
See Wolstoncraft, a friend,
Your injur'd rights defend,
Wisdom her steps attend,

The cause maintain.

A voice re-echoing round,
With joyful accents sound,
"Woman be Free;
Assert the noble claim,
All selfish arts disdain,"
Hark how the note proclaim,

"Woman is Free!"

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A MATRIMONIAL RIGATTA.

PASSING through one of the streets in the out skirts of the town, a few days ago, I saw a great crowd before me; and meeting a man who had just come from it, I asked him what was the matter. "Only a woman fighting with her husband, sir," replied he.

Another, overhearing him, added, "And the husband will get the better; yet I am always sorry to see the FAIR-SEX beat about, though it may be their own fault."

The words FAIR-SEX always fill my mind with delectable ideas. I could not help feeling a kind of pity for the object, though unseen, which had excited them; and therefore hurried to the scene of action. When I arrived at the place where the mob were assembled, expecting to behold a fine young beautiful creature in drets, what were my surprise and disappointment, to see a short thick figure, with a swarthy complexion and squalid appearance throughout, with little fiery eyes like those of a ferret; her rough arms appeared to have received a considerable addition to their natural redness by the violent exertion of them; and her huge fists were, when I came up to her, clenched, ready to dart a furious blow at her antagonist; who being, however, prepared for her attack, soon brought his amiable moiety to the ground, tumbling her quite over head and ears in the kennel; so that when she emerged from the mud, covered with filth, she was so far from looking like one of the FAIR-SEX, that it was somewhat difficult to say whether she was of the masculine or feminine gender. Shuddering, from the keenness of my sensibility, to see domestic quarrels rise to such a dangerous pitch, I ventured to seize the enraged husband, a plain working man, in a leather apron and woollen cap, and tried to draw him away, telling him that he would kill the poor woman if he proceeded.—To my extreme astonishment and confusion, this mirror of the FAIR-SEX, who had now recovered her spirits, attacked me with such a volley of oaths, and poured out such a torrent of foul language, that I stood almost petrified before her.—"Let him alone, you meddling dog, do: what do you trouble your d—d thick head with my husband for? Let him go, I say, you impudent son of a b—, or I will do your business for you in a crack, by G—d."

Here her powers of utterance were suspended; the blood and dirt which she had swallowed, obstructed her articulation to such a degree, that she was totally unable to get out a word.—As for myself, I made a precipitate retreat, vowing never to interfere again in verbal or manual debate between any of the FAIR-SEX and their HUSBANDS, LOVERS, OR female friends while I have breath in my body. As I escaped, therefore, without any fractures or contusions, without even a bloody nose; I returned home with my head full of the idea which had first quickened my steps to the interesting spot, and could scarce refrain from laughing in the face of every female I met, who seemed to think herself entitled to particular respect as one of the FAIR-SEX, tho' as brown as a berry, and as dirty as a cinder-girl.

Z.

AN EPITAPH ON A PERFECT MAN.

HERE lies a man, who lov'd the wife & good.
Was what he lov'd, and that was all he could.
In him were passions balanc'd with such art,
That all the virtues centred in his heart.
His firm, tho' gentle, great, yet humble mind
Was fraught with science and a taste r. f. i. d.
If ought beside exalts a human soul,
He sure posses'd it, for he had the whole.

End.



NEW-YORK, APRIL 25.

THE Fanny, Captain H. D. Braine, which arrived here early yesterday morning, 40 days passage from Greenock, has brought out 73 passengers—a considerable number of whom are men with their families.

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated 5th January, to a merchant in Philadelphia.

"I may add to my encouragement, that by letters I have received from Algiers, dated 8th November last, the Dey had just agreed to receive an American Ambassador to treat for peace, and that Col. Humphreys was soon expected there.—A fortnight ago a swedish vessel from Baltimore, arrived at Toulon, loaded with flour and rice—has sold it already for 22 hard dollars per barrel the flour, and 35 livres specie per quintal the rice, as they are wanted, and of the greatest scarcity.

Extract of a letter from a Captain, dated Port de Paix, 30th March, 1795, to the owner of his cargo in Philadelphia.

"I arrived here on the 23d inst. and am now moored along side of a frigate, and not suffered to depart without leaving my cargo with the administration of this Republic, and not allowed to sell to any person or persons except themselves under the penalty of 3000 livres. The flour is at 12 dollars, and corn at 2 dollars, for which they are to pay, in the following articles and prices, brown sugar 1st quality 95 livres, 2d quality 82 do, 3d quality 72 do; coffee 1st quality 30 sous per lb. 2d quality 29 sous, and 3d quality 28 sous—So that they set what price they please, for there is now upwards of 30 sail of American vessels at this place and several have have been here upwards of 3 months and not got one fourth of their payment, and numbers going away without any, so that I don't expect there is the least probability of my getting paid in less than 6 or 7 months. I suppose they have at least 5000 barrels of flour at this place, but they keep privateers a cruising to send every thing in that has provisions and oblige us all to sell to administration."

BOSTON, April 16.

Captain S. Clough, in the ship Success, arrived at Wiscasset the 6th, in forty-six days from Havre. He brings a confirmation of the taking of Amsterdam, &c. and adds, that the French have gained a complete victory over the Spaniards, in which they killed and took 10,000, and to the value of six millions sterling in images of Gods, Virgins, &c. from their churches and other places.

WINCHESTER, April 13.

From the Knoxville Gazette of March 27.

On the 5th inst. a party of Indians, supposed Creeks, at Joslin's station, seven miles from Nashville, fired upon Thomas Fletcher, Ezekiel Baldwin, and his brother, a lad, who were at work in their field, wounded the two first with balls through the body, knocked down the third with a war club, broke his skull bone, and skinned the whole of his head. All are dangerously wounded, and it is doubtful whether either will recover.

We learn from Kentucky Gazettes, that on the 17th February the Indians made an attack on a party of men with stores, &c. for the army at Grenville, about one mile from Fort Hamilton, killed 3 and wounded 4 of them; that the same evening they stole 30 horses from Fort Hamilton. All the Indians that were at Grenville having left that place, it is supposed that they were the perpetrators of this mischief.

About the 8th of February a hunter was cut to pieces in an inhuman manner, by Indians, near the mouth of Sciota; another, his companion, is supposed to have been taken prisoner by them.

Information had been received, by two men from St Vincent's, of 250 warriors, Shawanees and Delawares, having taken the field, to commit depredations on the frontiers.

LONDON, Feb. 14.

On Friday and Saturday last, a Council, at which Mr. Pitt was present, sat, and several respectable tradesmen were examined, when it appeared that starch and hair-powder are the produce of the very best wheat that can be procured, and that the quantity consumed is at least one twentieth of the whole consumption of the metropolis.—That throughout the kingdom not less than fifty thousand persons are employed as barbers in using the hair-powder; and that they become useless to the state, both in agriculture and for public services, consequently so many useless persons are fed out of the public stock. On the other hand, it is truly urged, that it would be the extreme of cruelty to throw such a number of industrious persons entirely out of bread.—To this it is answered, that the exigencies of the state are in want of their assistance, and that they may all find immediate employment either in the army or the navy, more particularly in the latter service, which it is intended in future to keep up to a very high establishment.

Feb. 21.—By letters from Frankfort, we learn that the French have raised the siege of Menta; and most of their troops employed in that expedition have marched towards Holland. There are not 10,000 French troops along the Rhine from Menta to Coblenz. It is said, the Austrians have re-crossed the Rhine, and propose to attempt the relief of Luxembourg.

Feb. 23.—The rumour of the King of Prussia having concluded a treaty of ~~peace~~ with the French, was for several days extremely current at Embden and through our army; but while a gentleman of high rank was waiting at the island of Nordeany, to embark for England, an express reached him from Lord Malmebury at Hanover, informing him, that his Lordship had received advices from Berlin, stating that his Prussian majesty was about to send 60,000 new forces from Prussia, to protect his dominions in Guelderland and Westphalia; and that his majesty was determined to unite all his strength with the other allies to drive the French back to their own frontiers. We state this circumstance as a positive fact.

Feb. 27.—If we are to credit the latest intelligence from France, and that which seems most to be depended on, it leads us to believe that the greatest exertions are making in several ports of France, and particularly in Cherbourg, for an expedition against this country early in the spring. It is supposed that should it ever take place, it would assemble in the ports of Holland, and make a descent on the eastern coasts of this kingdom.

The news from Spain, by the way of France, is extremely unfavourable, as the captor of Rossas is confirmed beyond all doubt, which completely exposes the city of Barcelona, which it is apprehended must fall into the enemy's hands.

S H I P N E W S.

Arrivals since our last.

| | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| Ship Ohio, Kemp, | London |
| Eleven Sons, Hawly, | Surinam |
| Fanny, Braine, | Greenock |
| Brig Beaver, Hull, | Barbadoes |
| Aurora, Habbel, | Cape Francois |

Court of Hymen.

M A R R I E D

On Tuesday evening 14th inst. at Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. William White, Mr. ALLEN CLAP, Merchant of this city, to Miss PEGGY REDMOND, of that place.

On Thursday evening the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. ANDREW COMMERDINGER, Printer, to Mrs. BLOOM, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. WILLIAM CARPENTER, to Miss LUCY GRANT, both of Brooklyn, Long-Island.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JACOB ODLE, of West-Chester, to Mrs. ANN BREVOORT, widow of Mr. Abraham Brevoort, formerly merchant of this city.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, GERARD RUTGERS, Esq. to Miss MARGARET BAYARD, daughter of Nicholas Bayard Esq. all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. THOMAS STOUTENBURGH, to Miss ELIZA LINN, daughter of James Linn, Esq. of New-Jersey.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townly, Mr. GLODDER REQUAW, of Mount-Pleasant, to Miss JUDITH COOME, of Greenburgh.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, to Miss SALLY DEGROVE, both of this city.

Such of the Subscribers to this Paper who intend removing at May, will please to leave their directions at this Office.

T H E A T R E.

Mrs. HALLAM'S BENEFIT.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

ON MONDAY EVENING, April 27.
Will be presented, A COMEDY, (never acted here) called, The

NATURAL SON.

Written by Mr. Cumberland, Author of the West-Indian, Fashionable Lover, Jew, &c. and performed in Drury-Lane with the greatest applause.

Between the PLAY and FARCE, Hippolyte,

Humourous Scene of a DRUNKEN MAN,

By Mr. HALLAM.

To which will be added, the COMIC OPERA, (in two Acts) of

SELIMA and AZOR:

Or, The POWER of ENCHANTMENT.
The Doors will be opened at half past Five, and the Curtain drawn up precisely at half past Six o'Clock.

Ladies and Gentlemen will please to send their servants at Five o'clock, to keep places.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

WANTED,

TWO LADS, from 13 to 16 years of age, of reputable connections, as Apprentices to the Printing Business—Enquire of the Printer. April 4.

60—tf.

TOBACCO.

40 Hogsheads old James River leaf,

17 do. Bright Mayland.

Just landed at Jones' Wharf, and for sale by JOHN AGNEW, No. 308, Water-Street,

Court of Apollo.

A LOVE LETTER.

In answer to BETTY WRINKLE's letter* to the Old Bachelor, TIM CRUSTY; she promising to have him, in order to alleviate the grief he expressed in his former complaint.

DEAR s. ivell'd wench, I'm wifeless yet,
Condemn'd to foam and snarl and frut;
My eyes rain brine with grief and care,
And age has scalded off my hair;
My silver beard in ringlets flows,
And time has turn'd awry my nose,
New clouds of sorrow daily thicken,
I'm deaf and halt and palfy stricken,
And ruthless fate pours down distrest
T' o'erflow my cup of bitterness.

When I remov'd to M——d,
Th' affrighted dames like roe-bucks fled,
I minc'd and ogled, coax'd and sigh'd,
But poor old Tim could get no bride.

I then came here to this fine city,
Where girls are buxom, blithe and pretty;
Their smiles provok'd my blood to action,
And dimpled blushes beam'd distraction:
Oh, heaven's! their beauties curl my sight,
Like fiends who ken the realms of light!

I was surplanted by proud beaux
(Those blocks and squashes drest in clothes)
Who coax'd the "fond believing sex,"
With saddle-bags † about their necks.

Inur'd to frowns and harsh denial,
I thought I'd make a dernier trial:
My self had charms tho' I was old;
I ply'd a sordid elf with gold,
Who grinn'd affent, and ghastly smil'd,
And promis'd me his only child.
Being jilted by old skin flint's daughter,
I'd like to 've gones to h—I by water.
I would have curst the toils of love,
And fled to seek a wife above,
But that said "some hing after death"
Detain'd old Crusty's fleeting breath.
Delusive hope seem'd ever fled,
And poor old Tim was almost dead,
When he by chance heard of your letter,
Which joyful tidings made him better.
Come, queen of wrinkles, toothless Betty,
I long to know if you bu's pretty;
To Brooklyn hie—our wedding-day
Shall be the twenty-first of May;
Then, dear enraptur'd Betty Wrinkle,
Your eyes with am'rrous joy shall twinkle!
I'll drink with worlds of softest sighs
Delicious poison from your eyes;
With rapture kis your vetal gums,
As tho' your snags were sugar plums.

Come, bonny Bet, come eafe my pain,
And bring your Tim to life again:
We'll sail down life with mirth and glee,
And none shall love as true as we.

TIM CRUSTY.

* See our Museum of March 7.

† Huge Cravats in the true English BON TON,
which nearly cover the mouth, &c.

WANTED,

TWO or three Lads, from 16 to 17 years of
age, to serve as Apprentices to the Rope-
making Businels—Enquire of the Printer.

New-York, March 28, 1795. 59—tf.

SIGN PAINTING, GILDING & GLAZING.
By JOHN VANDER POOL,
No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

The Moralist.

LIBERALITY.

ARE you posseſſed of large wealth? Have you more than heart could wish, or you know how to dispose of? Instead of squandering it away in those courses which are fruitless of comfort, which leave a sting behind them, and which will end in death, employ it for the assistance of the honest and industrious, who may be in low circumstances, and have many to provide for. Help them forward in the world. Let the blessings of them that are ready to perish, come upon you, and cause the heart of the widow and fatherless to sing for joy. This will be service well pleasing to God, and, rest assured, it will be a source of rational pleasure to your minds.



A N E C D O T E.

A Clergyman took for his text the following words:—"Vow and pay unto the Lord thy vows." An Indian heard him very attentively, and stepping up to the parson, thus accosted him—"I vow I'll go home with you, Mr. Minister."—"You must go then," replied the parson. The Indian afterwards vowed to have supper, and then stay all night. "You may," replied the clergyman: "but I vow you shall go in the morning."

BOOK BINDING

IN all its branches, by Peter Burtell, Book-Binder, No. 95, Beekman-Street, four doors east of the City Dispensary, all kinds of Books bound at the shortest notice in Morocco, Calf or Sheep leather, gilt or plain. Merchants account books of every size, ruled and bound in the neatest manner. Ledgers ruled for double or single entry with or without Rusia bands, port folios, and merchants police and memorandum books made to any size or pattern.

N. B. All orders strictly attended to.

March 14. 57—6t

THOMAS CONREY,

No 90, Chatham-Street, near the Tea Water-Pump. RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, and his friends, that he has on hand a general assortment of fashionable Mahogany Furniture, which he will sell cheap for Cash.

N. B. All orders attended to and compleated with dispatch. Venitian Blinds made and hung at the shortest notice.

New-York, March 28, 1795. 59—tf.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 101, Pearl-street, (formerly Great Dock-street) as usual, till May next, when he will remove to No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

Feb. 14, 1795.

NOVELS and ROMANCES.

JUST imported, and for sale by J. FELLOWS, No. 131, Water-street, a large collection of the newest Novels and Romances, price 6s. each vol.

March 28. 59—tf

A Complete set of the DIARY, from the commencement to this date, for sale at this Office.

BOWEN'S EXHIBITION Of WAX-WORK and PAINTINGS;

No. 75, Bread-street,

Is again opened for the entertainment of the Public, with a great variety of New Wax Figures, among which are the following: The unparalleled Murder of MARAT, by Miss CHARLOTTE CORDIE, in France, good likenesses.

BARON TRENCHE, in Chains.

MATERNAL AFFECTION, or a Lady with two Children.

A TEA PARTY of little Misses.

A likeness of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY of New-York. Also,

A large collection of elegant CHINESE PAINTINGS.

This Exhibition far exceeds any thing of the kind ever offered to public view in America;—and will be removed from this city the first day of May next. It will be open every day and evening, from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 at night. Admitting THREE SHILLINGS.

New-York, April 11, 1795.

SHIP PAINTING,

By ANTHONY OGILVIE.

Cherry-Street, near the Ship Yards.

AND every other kind of Painting executed in the most elegant manner, at the shortest notice, on terms as reasonable as any in this city. Window Glafs 12 by 10, 11 by 9, 8 by 10, and 7 by 9, Oil, Paints, Putty, and every article in the Painting and Glazing line for sale. 61.—tf.

UNITED STATES

LOTTERY,

For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few days: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patteron Lottery for establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by applying as above.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 101, Pearl-street, (formerly Great Dock-street) until May next, when she will remove to No. 30, Vesey-street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years) where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which will be her constant endeavors to deserve.

N. B. Handsome and airy apartments, genteelly furnished, may be had from the first May at No. 30, Vesey-street. Feb. 14, 1795.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A JOURNEYMAN Copperplate Printer, to whom good wages, and constant employ will be given—Enquire of the Printer.

New-York, April 4.

60—tf.

TO BE LET,

A Front Room and Cellar, in Greenwich-street, No. 229. Also, Boarding and Lodging, may be had at the same place, after the first of May. Enquire at No. 150, corner of Liberty-street and Broad-Way. 62—tf.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

A N active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of age, and of reputable connections, is wanted at this Office.